What this Magazine Stands for

THIS Magazine was begun in January, 1908, to make apparent the fact that the Spirit of God is within each man, to teach and bless. To show men how to look within and recognize the Voice, which is sufficient unto all men, for light, and guidance,—and all good, physically, mentally and spiritually. In all things, great and small.

It admits no truth outside of a man. Each different man. Each different truth. Sufficient unto each man. For the time being. Which different truth shall work, and converge into a greater, a common, a basic truth. Which is identical, and not different. But not now. In the Dawning. In the Dawning of the Morning. "When the mists have cleared away."

It believes that real Truth is quality, and not statement or formulary. Intrinsic Value is truth. Abiding Reality is Truth. Truth is not somebody's "say-so." It considers that God has given us his Word in the Christian Scriptures, but that Word is spiritually discerned, and interpreted by each man's own conscience. No dogma. No standard authorized interpretation.

It considers that God is both Personal and Impersonal,—both anthropomorphic and human in nature, and a principle and overruling spirit far above man's present comprehension. No room here to explain. Glad to consider all sides.

It takes traditional Christianity as a basis, and the arisen Christ within as a guide, but would gladly recognize value in all religions.

Christ Jesus it considers both Divine and Human, the Christ as the Divine and Jesus as the Human; that every human being is potentially what Jesus was actually; that in the Higher Sense Divinity and Humanity are One, even while in the lower human sense those two are often widely separated, one as spirituality and the other as carnality,

It is not a social reformer on the plane of political economy and external forces, but seeks to elevate mankind by cultivating the larger spiritual life within a man, which shows him his social responsibilities and the solidarity of the human family.

It teaches the "contiguity" of life, so to speak, and the continuity of life as well. Contiguous because of the interpenetrating spiritual worlds which surround man, but which are cognizable only as the consciousness awakens and focusses. Continuous because there is no death. Death is liberation, renewal, opportunity, when it comes legitimately. Death is a changing of focus.

It considers that we are entering a New Age,—the Age of the Spirit,—the Psychic Age,—the Age of Man. Great dangers as well as great blessings during the transition. Present time one of psychic abnormality and inequilibrium. Result: great increase in neurosis, mental diseases, insanity. Cure, or at least relief and final safety: Call upon the name of the Lord. In faith. In self renunciation. In Christ Jesus.

No power seeking organization. No inner circle. No secret teachings. Truth plainly, simply told. That he who runs may read. And understand according to his light. No harm in truth. Harm in trying to hide and stifle truth.

The New Age Magazine

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My Angel Guides

LURA BROWER, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Oh! leave me not, ye band of angels fair,
Attend me through my earthly pilgrimage,
Then, though my outward life be hard and bare,
And round my dwelling howling tempests rage,
I shall know neither loneliness nor fear,
Even when the storms of pain most loudly beat;
Feeling your loving presences so near,
A peace will fall upon my soul most sweet.
Alone, yet not alone, for unseen friends
Reach down their hands to help my feet to climb
That rugged path, which step by step ascends
The mountain, on wbose heights dwells Love Sublime.
O Father, if thou wilt, take all away,
But let my Angel Guides still with me stay.

The Magic Chain

LEVI, Seer of the Aquarian Age, transcriber of the Aquarian Gospel of Jesus the Christ, from the Akashic Records

THERE IS A KEY of all empire, a secret of all power, a universal glass of vision, a bond of sympathy between visibles and invisibles and a source of all love, all knowledge, all prophecy and all pleasure, and this wondrous magical agent is what we call THE ASTRAL LIGHT, called by old Alchemists Azoth and Magnesia.

To know how to make use of this most marvelous agent is to be the "Trustee of God's own power." Levi says, "All real, effective magic, all Occult force is there, and its demonstration is the sole end of all genuine books of science."

THE ASTRAL LIGHT, is the soul of the earth. To a psychic it is the earth's Aura. An emanation from the heart of the carnate world, and in this soul, aura, or astral light, we have the direct emanation of every power that lies hidden in the earth, air, water and fire. The Alchemists tell us that all potencies are represented in salt, sulphur and mercury, and when the essences of these substances have been extracted we have the five essences, the quintessence is *Azoth*. This Astral Light then contains the essence of every thing, and he who understands it, and is familiar with the Alchemical laws of compounding essences, can make every thing he desires to make, even to the forming of gold and silver.

To make use of the Astral Light in order to attain unto success in any given calling, two operations are essential.

1. CONCENTRATION. 2. PROJECTION. Concentration is defined by the great Mystic Henry Khunrath by the word COAGULATION, and projection by the word SOLUTION.

The Alchemists tell us that he who can fix the volatile, and volatilize the vixed is a true master of *Alchemy* and can make and unmake at will.

Nature's method of making and unmaking is to collect and diffuse, to Concentrate and to Project. Under the great law of Concentration the great oak is made, and when its cyclic life is done it succumbs to the law of Diffusion and its substance goes to mix with the universal elements of fire, earth, air and water and other oaks and other objects are formed from the same ingredients.

THE MAGIC CHAIN. There is such, and it connects the personality of each individual and the great forces of the Soul of the earth, the Astral Light, and it is our present work to discover this connection and learn how to use this chain to our profit.

We must make use of these Astral substances—this Azoth—the quintessences of all things. How can it be done? We cannot use the appliances of the chemist, we cannot gather these substances and crush them in a mortar, nor can we combine them in a retort, nor melt them in a crucible or furnace. When we deal with essences, which may appear only as perfumes, we are dealing with soul substances, and we must have an ethereal Laboratory in which are all manner of appliances capable of being used by the soul, and also capable of handling all manner of substances. Man has but one truly soul sense among the five. The sense of smell is capable of recognizing Astral substance. What is a perfume or a fume? It is not something that chemistry can

analyze. Who can see the perfume of the rose, the violet, or the pink, and where is the chemist that can tell any thing about them?

Human beings are much more intimately connected with the great soul realm by the supersensitive membranes of the nostrils than in any other way, for all perfumes are Astral substances.

Now this Astral body about our earth is peopled with myriads of creatures, and every one of them is capable of manifesting itself to physical beings through the delicate Schniderian membrane of the nostrils. Some times they do this directly, and we often catch a delicious odor, or otherwise, when there is no physical substance to generate it, but more frequently these soul individualities have manifest exponents in the carnate realm through which they act. The Genius or Queen of one of the sweetest perfumes stands at the beautiful Carnation door, or the opening into the sense of smell, and she has fittingly called her manifest CARNATION PINK. But an entire lecture might be given with profit upon the wonders of the Science and Art of Perfumes and Odors, but you can gain many valuable lessons by individual study along these lines.

PHILOSOPHY OF INCENSE.

In all times Mystics have made use of odors and perfumes in their worship and ritualistic service and the vulgar and uneducated have laughed them to scorn for so doing. These odors have been made by burning particular substances at particular times. Now the philosophy of incense-burning is deeply laid in the very nature of the Astral light and of its inhabitants.

The home of every Genii is in the Astral Light, both the good and the bad, and the various odors are the radiances that surround the various characters. Some genii cannot live in one odor, other genii cannot live in another. There are certain odors that attract good Genii and repel the evil, and there are other odors that attract the evil and repel the good. The true Alchemist knows the philosophy of these Astral odors and perfumes and so can repel or attract genii at will. Most evil genii are repulsed by Salamandric odors, for the reason that fire is the well known purifying agent—"our God is a consuming fire."

Certain odors that are called forth by fire drive away the evil genii and attract the good, and hence when certain substances, as Aloes and Myrrh, are burned the Astral Light is cleared of evil and the good angels come trooping down the avenues of the skies to help the Neophyte on to the heights. Hence, the philosophy of rational incense-burning.

But we must return to the question: How can we practically make use of the Astral Light?

AT WORK IN THE LABORATORY. Intelligence blazes the way, Understanding throws light upon the path, and Will enters as the master workman.

Now what is Alchemic Coagula, Concentration? It is Isolation, absolute independence of thought, complete liberty for the heart, and perfect continence for the senses. Every one who is possessed of prejudices and fear, every passionate person who is the slave of his passions, is incapable of concentrating, or coagulating the Astral Light or soul of the earth.

Remember, he who seeks this power to gratify the lusts of the Carnate, or to satisfy curiosity will never attain it, and he who has attained will lose it if he makes use of it for self gratification.

TO MAKE A MAGIC CHAIN is to establish a magnetic current between the heart of the individual and the Magnetic forces of the Astral Light.

Remember there are two, and only two operations to be recognized—Concentration or Coagulatum, and Diffusionor Dissolving. As Neophyte turns his eyes from the without the gates of his own soul fly open and he sees an accumulation of Astral individualities that are formed, fixed. He sees the fixed Genii of lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life, and these fixed creatures are evil and must be dissolved, volatilized, dissipated; for they have established themselves in the choicest places of his soul and there is no room for anything else until they are dissolved and cast out.

These evil ones were symbolized by the money changers, and dealers in innocent doves, which the great Master found in the Temple in Jerusalem, and who were driven out by a scourge of small cords, after he had said to them, "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but you have made it a den of thieves." Matt. 21:13.

And the Temple was but a symbol of our bodies, the Christ a symbol of Master Will, the Theives a symbol of vile appetites and passions, and the scourge made up of many small cords was a symbol of the many means at our command that may be used in cleansing the Temple—driving out the evil Genii.

THE FIRST HOUR OF APOLLONIUS is the cleansing hour; the establishment of Unity. As we approach our souls in this Astral light we see a long range of tables surrounded by theives—or money changers, and the first one encountered is presided over by the Genius of disease. We now approach this table

from the side of CAUSATION, and we give Alchemic description of everything we see.

Per se, disease has naught to do with Carnal Substance; it originates wholly in the Astral Light. The emotions can make use of only one of the operations of the Magician—they can Coagulate; and Coagulation without Solution is Stagnation, and when Astral substance becomes stagnant in the interstices of the human body the life-giving functions are impeded, and the living germs that go to make up the physical body begin a struggle to free themselves; congestion leads to inflammation, in inflammation to solution, the cells are disintegrated, disease is in evidence, and the Astral Light be not speedily cleared what men calls death supervenes, and the soul goes back to its place of waiting in the shady groves of the Carnate Hills.

THE PHYSICIAN is the first genius of the First Hour of Apollonius, and the Second is Disease.

Now hatred, jealousy, envy, prejudice, uncontrolled passion, etc., are the willing helpers of the genius of Disease, but there is a Physician who can thwart all their purposes and insure perfect health.

How shall we proceed to utilize the good offices of the Genius of Health?

1st. Remove your self from the domain of Discord. When external Harmony has been insured you are on the way to health for "Inharmony the demons praise God; they lose their malice and fury." When this harmony can permeate every part of the body health is present, for health is harmony and harmony is health.

ATTRACTION. We can view life as such. Drawn in. To see things. To feel things. Thus to sense and know them. Because of attraction. Seeking thus our complement. Our supply. Our enoughness. Then experiencing tiredness. Then reaching rest. Then attraction again. Continually. But each time we go round we reach a higher round. And each time a higher round.. Of Experience.

IF LIFE WAS EASY, life would be a failure! Yes, this is true, and God knows it. That is why he piles on the agony. Solid whacks. Thunder and lightning. To discipline. Why doesn't God feed us on sugar-plums? And molasses candy? Why does he not lay us gently in flowery beds of ease instead of dropping us down hard on the pavements of life, and then ringing for the patrol wagon or the ambulance? No other path.

APPRECIATION IS THE LAW OF OPULENCE

Mother Fortune will bring her Horn of Plenty and empty it at the feet of those who appreciate her gifts, be they large or be they small

The man with a Crust of Bread is Opulent if he Fully Values that Crust, and the Millionaire is poor indeed, if his ravishing eye runs from object to object in prurient desire for gratification

THERE IS NOTHING SECRET, hidden, or private about Christianity. It remains for anti-Christian cults to formulate such religion,—or philosophy, as the case may be. Christianity is mystical. Yes, eminently so, for Christianity is a religion, and the distinctive quality of the inner, secret fountains which spring up within a man and materialize into religious codes and forms, is that it is beyond the measurements of the human reason. All religion that is more than a brief moral code is mystical. Mystery means that which is unknown. Life is mysterious. Much is unknown. And yet it is real for all that. There is a vast difference between the meaning of the words *mystical* and *occult*, one is *unknown*, the other *hidden*.

There is another distinction between Christianity and these non-Christian cults: The Christian life is democratic. Every Christian is on the same social level. There is no caste. Not in the religion of Jesus, though sometimes there is in *Churchanity*.

I would add that because religion and God are mysterious and therefore mystery of itself is necessary and proper, that not all that is mysterious is good because it is mysterious. Some people appear to reason this way, and they go about saying, "Lo here and lo there, I've got something hidden from ordinary eyes. It is a great secret. Occult. Esoteric. For the select few." This of itself is mere foolishness, and only catches those who are in an embryotic state of mind.

COMPLETE SANITY would be collectivity, or unity, or God. All individuals are more or less insane, i. e., at a tangent from the center. That is the nature of individuality.

The "New" Religion

A TYPE OF PERMANENCY is the mountain. A type of the impermanent is the cloud. We speak of "the everlasting hills," and of the transient shadows of the hills thrown by the moving sun, flickered by the passing clouds. But the mountains are not permanent. They are changing all the time, and some time pass away and become as plains and holes in the earth. Nothing is permanent. All things are changing.

This is true as well of our thoughts and our beliefs. There are many of such beliefs, both of the individual and collective man, and they are changing all the time. We can hardly speak of any scientific postulate that has not been modified or entirely levelled to the ground, by subsequent thought. This is true of our religious beliefs. As man is a thinking animal, and as thinking is a process of tearing apart and rearranging, therefore man can hold no thought in his mind which is not amenable to this law of growth through change.

Our religious beliefs are all the time being readjusted, even when we hold to the old statements or literal formularies. This is true of such of our religious beliefs, as moral accountability, immortality, fiat or legal God, etc., as well as of other fundamental beliefs. Men have been stoned or imprisoned in one generation for uttering certain belief and in the next generation society, having grown to that belief, has raised monuments to the men who first uttered the belief.

The God of today is the devil of tomorrow. Each generation raises up a new standard and levels the old.

The Hebrew scriptures show us many concepts of God and a future life, to fit the intelligence and the moral growth of different men and different times. All men will differ in their beliefs more or less, even while they may subscribe to some prevailing formulary. For words are but clumsy things at best, and no one word can convey an identical meaning to any two persons, for each person's mental world is circumscribed by a different horizon, caused by a different education, a different tendency, and a different capacity.

A few brief questions to a dozen members of any one denomination shows us as many different conceptions of God, and of life, and of death. And such conceptions will not be fixed in those men's minds, but new ones will take their places, as each man thinks more on the various beliefs with which his mind is

stored. Even if we take the Apostle's Creed, that bulwark of the Church, which has not been altered in its form since the Christian Church was instituted, we soon learn that the interpretation of that creed varies with each individual, and that such interpretation is constantly being modified by the man's growth, as he lives and thinks.

There can be no fixed belief, try as hard as the Church, and the theologians, will. For man will think, and all barriers to thought are inadequate. Man cannot help thinking. Thinking is an inherent part or quality of his nature. It is his very constitution. You may as well expect a man not to live as not to think. In fact thinking and life are synonomous.

Man is a thinker. Death is merely *not thinking*. Annihilation is annihilation of the thinker. And as man *will* think, he must think himself out. Yes, he must think himself out of any quandary. Lock a man up ever so tight in the web of falsehood, and he will eventually get out. For he will think, and thinking is a liberating process. Men *cannot* all think alike. It is impossible, even if it were desirable. And those who have thought along this line have learned that it is not desirable that men should all think alike.

There is a way to view every belief, as there is a way to view every thing. A test to apply to beliefs which we apply to everything in life. Value. Value in productiveness. In productiveness of good. Not necessarily transient good, evanescent, crumbling good, but good as far as our mental and spiritual vision will reach. We apply this test to all our beliefs and to all the things we contact. We all do this, even those who follow blindly the dictum of some theologian, some teacher, some external authority. For each man who accepts an authority does so because he believes such acceptance will bring him the best good. He may not understand much of the process, but in accepting that authority he has accepted it for what he believes to be the most productive to real good. Some have more of an open mind than others and are therefore willing to test more incessantantly the goods of the things they contact. But all accept as true and believe in as God, and religion, that which they have decided to be productive of permanent good.

Thus, all religious beliefs have their origin and support in their supposed goodness. But our views change as we move about, for we are on the periphery of life where things are moving about us. A vast panorama, of which little man is a speck, sometimes almost losing himself in the vastness of the "passing show." That is why the belief of yesterday is not the belief of

today. A different panorama of life has given a different aspect, and that different aspect shows us different needs, and those different needs require different goods.

I am inclined to believe that every belief which any man, or number of men, ever had about God, and life, and death, has been a good belief at some time and for some occasion. I am inclined to believe that my present beliefs, even the most fundamental ones, such as that of the everlasting permanence of Law, of the universal sway and power of God's love, and of the absolute safety and eternal peace of my spirit,—these beliefs of mine, which are so very much a part of my nature, may be modified, aye, may disappear. Rather a staggering thought, isn't it? Takes away a man's breath. Makes him shiver into nothingness. But, having accepted the postulate of the universal changeability of belief, I cannot get away from this conclusion.

Certain beliefs are fundamental, and may be more permanent, but each man has a great raft of beliefs which are of no great working value to him. He has become possessed of some as heirlooms. Some took his fancy but were found upon use to be of less value than others. Some were "thrust upon him," as it were, by his surroundings.

Some men only clear up that raft at death. Then about everything is dumped overboard. This is often the case, and that is why some men need to die. Other men, of a more enquiring mind, do some of that house-cleaning as they go along. There is a great deal of that house-cleaning going on in the religious thinking of people today. Men are thinking deeper, I believe, on subjects of life and death, than ever before. And that is why there is so much changing belief, until we scarce know how to classify our nearest friends, for one day they will be in one belief, and another day they will be looking at the world, and at us, out of another belief.

There are certain tendencies, however, in growing beliefs, and especially among the religious leaders today both in England and in America. Rev. R. J. Campbell, of London, England, has made a break from the more established paths, and put out a "new" theology which is new to many but not to others. Mr. Campbell's sermons and books stimulated inquiry and stirred up a great warfare. As a result people thought. That is all I, or Mr. Campbell, want them to do. It is not important, or desirable, that they should think as I do or as some other person does. To think is enough. To think far enough is to think right. The only advice I would give people is to think,—think some more,—and think some more yet. I will trust the result.

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Last July, at the Summer School of Theology, connected with Harvard University, of which Dr. Charles W. Eliot was the honored head for half a century, he gave an address on the subject of "The New Religion" which created a great deal of discussion because it was the statement of a man of letters and the head of a great institution of learning. Hardly anything Dr. Eliot said was particularly new. In New England we have had such a religious conception and belief for a generation or more, and church bodies have grown around these views of God and of life. The natural result of Calvinism is Unitarianism and Universalism. It is the law of opposites. Besides, we are living in an age of law, and of science.

Thinking men are not satisfied today to throw all their unanswerable problems into the ash heap of faith. They want to know, and they want to base their lives on natural law.

Dr. Eliot's religion is the religion of natural law. It is the religion of human life. It is the religion of the human understanding. He denies all that is "miraculous," meaning by that term all things that are without the domain of natural law. He does not accept a God who is a mere exaggerated human creature, for he considers God to be a great universal principle of law and of love, who does not answer prayer because he is requested by some consecrated believer.

He believes in the soul but does not go farther with it than the observed facts of life and external phenomena,—he does not carry the soul into the domain of metaphysics, on the one hand, or dogma, "religious authority," or ecclesiastical dominion. He does not bring it into the domain of mysticism. All that cannot be measured by exact mathematical and scientific standards has no place.

He teaches the innate nobility of man, his identity with the race, and the necessity of overcoming every moral and mental barrier to every good and useful thing in the universe. Dr. Eliot does not believe in "sudden conversions." He does not believe that character can be changed quickly. He believes in law, and the operation of law to lift man up to better things The new religion, he tells us, will be the religion of righteousness,—good conduct,—the square deal as between man and man. It will not admit of the efficacy of sacraments of the Church.

He says: "Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions. The new religion will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation. I believe the advent of just freedom for mankind has been delayed for centuries by such promises. Prevention will be the

watchword of the new religion and a skilful surgeon will be one of its ministers. It cannot supply consolation as offered by old religions, but it will reduce the need of consolation.

"Pain, formerly, was considered a just punishment; but now human suffering will be attacked surely and quickly. Anæsthetics have done away with the idea that extreme pain is in any way expiation for possible sin. The new religion will not even imagine the 'justice' of God. Civilized nations realize that legal punishments now frequently fail of their purpose, and the new religion cannot pretend to understand God's justice, for there is no earthly conception as a comparison. The new religion will laud God's love, and will not teach condemnation for the mass of mankind. Based on the two great commandments of loving God and one's neighbor, the new religion will teach that he is best who loves best and serves best, and the greatest service will be to increase the stock of goodwill. One of the greatest evils today is that people work with hearts full of ill-will to the work and the employer.

"All religions have in some way helped to lift men's thoughts to higher planes. Will the new religion help as much? Can an absolute monism be as inspiring to the soul as the Christian trinity, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost? It is reasonable to suppose that it will. Love and hope are very inspiring sentiments and the new religion will strengthen them. It will foster a new virtue—the love of truth. The true end of all religions and philosophy is to teach man to serve his fellowman and this religion will do this increasingly. It will not be bound by dogma or creed; its workings will be simple but its field of action limitless. Its discipline will be the training in the development of coöperative good-will."

There is much that is beautiful and good in this new religion. In fact it is *all true.* But it is not *all the truth.* It is one side. A good side; I am inclined to say the best and first side to study and practice, but I am not sure. It may properly be characterized as the religion of the external mind. Such religion will take the ordinary man and lead him to a great soul expansion resulting from the external uses of life.

We have today two tendencies in our religious life. There is a tendency toward the religion described by Dr. Eliot, Auguste Comte, and others, of a purely "scientific" kind, and there is the religion which has its basis in what is called mysticism. We may take the Catholic Church as a type of the well-balanced mystical religion. The New Church (Swedenborgian) is another. All religions which emphasize faith, and believe that there are

undefinable realities above reason are in the mystical class, and such religions will have a natural antipathy to that of Dr. Eliot, because of the inadequacy of the external religion to fulfil the needs of the internal mind.

The fact is man has two sides to his mind. Dr. Eliot has put forth one side. Jacob Behman, for instance, has put forth another side. We cannot truly say that one side is any better than the other, unless we say so in a relative sense, relative to uses. For the man whose mind is analytic, positive, "intellectual," will need this external religion, and he will grow faster and be a better man for it. But others of a synthetic, intuitive, "image making" mind, will need another form of religion.

There are some who say that the mystical, or what they term the spiritual, or internal, is the higher and the best. I prefer not to look at it this way, but to say that there is really no high or low, except as related to each individual, and that relationship is always one of climbing to better things. In other words, that religion, or that philosophy, or that belief, which leads us to better things, is the best,—for us. But we must not say it is the best for others. It would be very wrong to say this. Wrong, because nullifying some uses.

We may conceive that the perfect man will have these two different kinds of religion,—that of the subjective and the objective, or the internal and the external, or the intuitive and the scientific,—in one properly balanced soul. We all have both these soul qualities within us, but generally have one kind externally emphasized for the time being. Afterwhiles we swing around again and learn our lessons through the other media. It has been characterized as the feminine and the masculine. There are no end to the words we may use to characterize these two different phases of the soul. We revert from one to the other. Swing back and forth.

Do you know why so few men go to church, and why so many of the members of the congregations are women? It is because the Christian religion is essentially mystical. It is not scientific. It is not "positivism."

Dr. Eliot would change all this. His is a masculine religion. The masculine mind can grasp it. It is something definite. It is reasonable. It is scientific.

But—there is something in a great chant and antiphony of the Catholic Church, or the mystery of a genuinely heart-felt appeal to God in the Protestant Religion, or the rapt ecstatic contemplation of the mystic whose soul goes out and out, and beyond and beyond, which no "reasonable"-religion can touch.

Silence Means Expansion

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WHAT DO WE KNOW of the "region of absolute truth"? Only that which we glean from the depths of the Silence. The mighty monitor within,—*our God*—prompts ever so gently the searching thoughts sent out for a knowledge of truth. In the Silence only can these promptings be heard. Only in the seclusion and vastness of the Silence, can the soul expand into greatness and freedom. The more advanced the Soul, the greater is the communion with the Over-Soul, which is held in a language that needs no audible sound to explain its meaning.

One of our great writers has said, "I like the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching." Why? Because the more highly developed soul receives the message direct from the other soul's *sincere desire*. It is not yet given in words, but it is the God-essence from soul to soul, which language when expressed in audible words, becomes earthy and falls far short of that which the Infinite Mind, working eternally in majestic Silence, in and through all, would express.

How silently the rose blooms, expands, exhales her sweetest fragrance, and passes into the unseen, still individualized as a rose, in the spirit realm. Her work has been the gladdening of the human heart; her beauties blossom for eternity; and in the Silence, he who deeply communes with the MOST HIGH, may taste again and again of her sweetness.

In the Silence, old Mother Earth produces and re-produces the most wonderful and widely differing expressions of life; not an audible word is spoken, save possibly that of the soft-pattering rain, the low rumble of the thunder, and the soughing of the breeze.

In the Silence, the sunset clouds float out on the horizon, and paint for us moving pictures of magnificence and splendor, and vanish with a breath from heaven.

The emerging stars in the canopy of blue, delicately remind us of the Power of the Silence, and beckon us to build therein.

The majesty of the Mountains, towering skyward, stands as a silent sentinel, pointing the way to greater realms of Stillness and Power.

We bathe in the beauties of Nature, and finding no words to bespeak our rapture, we sink into deepest quiet that we may the more fully acquaint ourselves with God.

Thus in the Silence we unfold in the likeness and image of the Great Universal One. Boundless realms of Truth open before our vista, with a rapidity that holds us in rapt awe and adoration of the Power that is the heritage of man, bespoken to him through the still, small voice, of the Mighty Silence.

WHAT IS THE MORAL LAW? What do we mean by our glib use of this term? Can we define it briefly, or is it an abstraction? I believe we may define it briefly, by the word, "Love," but although that is a small word of four letters, yet it spreads and spreads until it includes every act, and every thought, of a beneficent nature.

Love, then, is the Moral Law. But love is kindness, and helpfulness, and mercy, and sympathy, and charity, and service. It is all these and countless more, if that more is animated by unselfish love. We call this unselfish love Divine Love in order to distinguish it from another kind of love which I may term animal or selfish love.

While all things are right in their place, and this lower love is doubtless a conservator, and a beneficent use in lower planes of activity, yet we do not consider it to be the moral law, for by that term we consider the order of life which brings a man out of this selfish conservation, which is necessary to the man before he enters the moral stage, but is a detriment to him when he has commenced on the arc of ascent which we denominate variously the human, or the spiritual, or the Christ, or the divine. All these words are an attempt to sound with the plummet of reason the depths of that soul quality which brings man up out of animalhood into angelhood, away from the beast unto God. That is the moral law. But do not think that I have defined it. Ah, no. I may have given a faint hint of its nature.

KINDNESS (I think I have said it before) is kin-ness. The nearer kin the more kind. For instance, the mother's fondling of the child is the nearest kin. And the conjugal affection between husband and wife. The most kind is always the most kin. *True* kinship is kindness, or it is not true kinship. The sacrifice of friend for friend is true spiritual kinship. So is all true affection. Artificial blood relationships are not always true kinship. Kinship is always spiritual.

THERE is not a useless thing in the Universe. Think of this, and thus regard all parts and phases of God's Handiwork.

MAN GOES ABOUT BLINDFOLDED. Then he jumps to conclusions,—often erroneous. True, we have the light of day, and two good eyes which connect by hundreds of telegraph wires with the brain. We have good hands and feet which contact solid resistence, and a most wonderful physical body which tells the brain how it "feels,"—even when it cannot tell quite *what* it feels. This is because the physical man is on the surface, and does not see below. When we get a peep into the inner world we see that things are different than what they seem in the external world, and that, verily, that world is often "topsy turvy."

Could we but draw back the curtains
That hide each one who lives.
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives—
Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we would;
We would love each other better,
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within,
Often we would love the sinner
All the while we loathed the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We would judge each other's errors
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain—
Would the grim external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Would we help where now we hinder?
Would we pity where we blame?

Ah! we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force;
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;
Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
Oh! we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

For instance, two persons perform the same act, and the external man praises or condemns both, according to *appearances* and external standards. He is blindfolded. He has jumped to conclusions. For the one act may be guilty and the other one virtuous. *We cannot judge from external view.*

Thus, the world oft impales virtue in the stocks of ridicule, and hollow, pretentious vice has the seat of honor, while often blinded virtue pays it homage! Vain world. Vain whirligig of self pretence.

Putting up little standards of trivial virtue, and dragging tender souls unto it. Building an altar to the false god of conventionality, and then offering up the heart's blood of unwilling captive creatures upon it. Gathering in little children and feeding them to the fashion-god Moloch. Blind, blind, blind. Going about blindfolded. Standing on wrong premises. Accepting false conclusions. Misjudging virtue and vice. Glared by the noon-day sun. Miraged before the deep waters by the shining moon. Hocussed by the bat-wings and the owl-screeches of the night. Lost in the illusion of sense.

Any remedy? Any way to dispel this nightmare? Any way to pierce this mirage of illusion? Yes, a way as old as man,—as old as God. *Silence. Be Still. And Know the Voice.*

THE HYPNOSIS OF ASSOCIATION. The influence of our surroundings. The poison or the nectar which is distilled from the minds of those we socially mix. Insidious, quiet, far reaching powers of the soul-world, working, and working, to reach that silent fruition in character. Falling over a man like a spray from the fountain and then penetrating his inmost being with the aroma of peace, or fuming through and through him with the malevolence of unrest.

We draw from our surroundings. But not unless we link-in to the vibrations. Our emotional nature turns to the high or low, and draws in what we like. We are each of us a bundle of diverse delights. We must exercise discrimination and energize the will, in order to become like the evil or like the good. We can do this by exercising judgment, but young people, and many others who are impressionable, need to be placed among high-minded people, if we would grow their characters in beauty. Some children are stonger minded than others, and are less influenced by evil companions, but all people draw in quality from unseen potencies by association.

A Persian fable says: One day
A wanderer found a lump of clay,
So redolent of sweet perfume
Its oders scented all the room.
"What art thou?" was his quick demand;
"Art thou some gem from Samarcand,
Or spikenard in this rude disguise,
Or other costly merchandise?"
"Nay, I am but a lump of clay."
"Then whence this wondrous perfume —say?"

"Friend, if the secret I disclose,
I have been dwelling with the rose."
Sweet parable! and will not those
Who love to dwell with Sharon's Rose,
Distil sweet odors all around,
Through low and mean themselves are found?
Dear Lord, abide with us, that we
May draw our perfume fresh from thee.

Rose of Sharon. Intrinsic perfume of the soul. Aroma of the Home Land of Peace. Cometh to us as an aura enveloping the Hallowed Ones. Brought down here and spilled into our human life through soul hunger for heavenly things.

WE SHARPEN OURSELVES

On our Friends. Our Friends Sharpen Themselves on us. That is, we work Stunts on them, and they work Stunts on us. One man will serve as File, and the other as Knife. Then they will exchange, and he who was the File will be the Knife. How Sharp we become, and cut and slash to the very bone.

Life is Constant Infilling

THERE IS NO END. Neither is there any real beginning. It is a mistake to talk about either an end of things or a beginning of things. To be sure, forms vanish and forms appear, apparently from nowhere and apparently to nowhere. But they do not begin or end,—they merely enter and leave our line of vision.

There is no death. There is no total, perpetual, absolute rest, or inertia, although there are periods of rest innumerable which balance every period of exertion. Else the universe would become cloyed (and that means to be clogged) and cease to revolve. There are innumerable ends, and there are innumerable beginnings to fit into each end. Life is continuous. And life is free, except sometimes on this outer ring of life which we call the physical, and then it is fixed and bound only because we chose it so for an object. Therefore the very bondage is a freedom of choice, to be bound for temporary uses.

And when the spirit is free it can have rest or exertion as it wills. But being an indissoluble part of the universal being it will not want total rest or total annihilation, or total inertia, although there will be intense periods of such rest which will come as a culminating result of an extreme soul exertion which will be such a deep inertia that it might be considered as extinction, or absolute negation. But it is not really so. Life being according to the law of relatives which is also the law of alternates, we always consider things relatively whether we know it or not, and in a relative sense it is true that there is a rest that is full negation and nothingness, but there is a further point reached than that, and then the alternating round commences. There is no end.

But there is an end to human life and suffering. That end comes through emancipation. We need not die to reach liberation. Liberation is not a physical process, but a spiritual birth. Men are bound in chains of matter and the evil of ignorance. When they rise above that they reach freedom. That freedom is a quality of life which enables a man to turn to any phase of life he will. If he is dead tired of pain, and worry, and discord he may become alive to their opposites. That is, he can when he knows how and wills to do it. All men can do this. There are no exceptions to universal laws of being.

Each man is a part of life. Life is liberty and joy. Death is bondage and suffering. We are bound by our ignorance of

the beneficent law of supply. We can rise into an exalted state of the soul and put an end to pain as long as we will. And of course we will,—for a long while,—just as long as we will.

The Indestructible Ego has three states of consciousness, which we may term *Existence*, *Life* and *Being*. I intend to draw a diagram, with a Y set inside of a O, and explain the matter fully. I will say now, however, that between the two forks or arms of the Y is what we may term Eternal Life when we differentiate it from human life. Theosophists would call it Devachan, but they have mixed up some dreadful error in trying to emphasize certain truths, and I cannot use that word. The right side of the Y is the human side, with all its various planes of life, and the left side represents the animal and the sub-human. Very interesting, when I "get time." And all these is a constant in-filling when seen in large view.

I do not mean to say that Theosophists are in error in their definition of Devachan, but that they have emphasized one string of facts, and unwittingly ignored their corelatives.

I DON'T SAY that I have the only truth, or even the grandest and best expression of truth. O, no. God forbid such an ungenerous thought. I don't know how much my truth amounts to. It is the best I have this moment, and I cherish it and thank God for it.

But a little reflection shows me that it cannot be the whole truth. No, it must be a particular truth,—a part of a truth. Yes. Then what about other and opposite conceptions of truth? They are truth perhaps as much as mine.

Then is there absolute, perfect truth? Surely. Where then does it come in? I don't fully know, but I conceive a faint idea of truth being so inclusive that in some way, above my present comprehension, all these conceptions of truth will fit into that whole and perfect truth.

Child murder? Thievery? Carnality? I cannot say. I refuse to answer as far as that. But I still hold the position that truth is general and inclusive, and that what we now, in our infantile view, call opposites and contradictory shall be found to be necessary component parts of the whole, without which that whole could not be. I refuse to argue the matter. It is beyond the limited reason. If you do not understand it as I have stated, then leave the matter. Learn to allow a difference of opinion. Learn to *cherish* a difference of opinion. Learn to realize that only as we differ, in courtesy and kindness, do we add our quota to the value of the whole.

Our Spiritual Possibilities

W. J. COLVILLE

THERE is no greater word in our vocabulary than **Possibility**, for it is one of measureless import, conveying illimitable suggestion of potential excellence to all who use it seriously and meditate upon it logically. There is indeed an enormous gulf between what we have done, what we are now doing, and what we can yet accomplish, and it is only to the latest mentioned that our attention need now be drawn.

Let us immediately proceed to consider whence our aspirations rise, why it is that we desire to achieve vastly more than we have yet demonstrated. To answer these questions satisfactorily a deep knowledge of human nature must be ours, not simply the apparent nature which all acknowledge, but the inner disposition, which we may well agree to call our common Human Will.

To comprehend fully the true philosophy known alike as Idealism and Optimism, we must clearly distinguish between closely related but not identical planes of consciousness; a failure to thus discriminate has long been a fruitful cause of needless and perplexing strife in philosophic controversy. "I can" and "I cannot" are two declarations which appear mutually exclusive until we have taken into account the logical necessity for discriminating between actual and potential.

Potentially we can already do whatever we desire to do, but actually there are very many things we are not yet able to accomplish manifestly. Supposing a little boy is told by a great organist that he can play such an organ as that in Westminster Abbey or the Royal Albert Hall superbly, he may be mystified, knowing that should he attempt the task his performance would be a dismal failure, but when he comes to realize that the far-seeing musician had detected the material for the making of a great musician in him also, his mystification would quickly end and speedily give place to hope and courage, which would act as spurs to aid him in his musical development.

We hear so very much at present concerning the force and influence of Suggestion that it has become highly important that we should un-

derstand clearly what we are to make our suggestions to, and how they can be carried out. If I make a suggestion to myself, to employ a very common mode of speech, I must in a sense believe that I and myself are two, seeing that I suggest something that I expect this self of mine to carry out.

How are we to understand the legitimate use of the possessive case in any such connection unless it be that we realize that the suggestiing entity makes a suggestion to some plane of consciousness which is capable of accepting it? When one makes a suggestion to another with some reasonable hope that such treatment will prove beneficially effective, it is equally self-evident that the one who makes the suggestion admits that there is something in the other likely to respond. Reasoning along this line our way soon becomes clear, and we are no longer perplexed with metaphysical paradoxes or annoyed by seemingly conflicting propositions.

Whatever I will to do I can do from the standpoint of inherent capability, though as yet I have never attempted to do anything of the kind. Persistent self-suggestion in the right direction is the direct road to the fulfilment of every noble aspiration, and whatever helps us on that way we may well regard as an aid to genuine progress in character development.

In the great work of healing there are four planes to be considered—Spiritual, Mental, Moral and Physical—and though it is quite possible to appeal successfully to all four at once, it is also possible to work on any one of them regardless of the other three.

Some people as yet think only of their possibilities physically; they are intensely interested in promoting bodily health and worldly prosperity, and work earnestly to improve their conditions in all of this regard. By concentrating thought and attention fully on bodily vigour and business success such people often win great victories over physical weakness and commercial obstacles, but such triumphs are by no means all that more highly aspiring people crave.

Others again have no anxiety concerning bodily health or finance but they are vitally concerned with intellectual development; scientific attainment is the goal they keep steadily in sight. In these instances physical health and worldly prosperity interests are often neglected, and mental culture is attained without any corresponding development on the material side of things.

A third class of people may also be encountered who work for joint results in mental and physical directions, and grow to enjoy a large measure of well-being on both planes simultaneously.

Again we meet some whose interests seem purely ethical, to whom only moral considerations seem greatly to appeal. When the practice of suggestion is employed by these good folk they often display no marked physical or intellectual stimulation as a result of their activities, but they do succeed most usefully in arousing moral consciousness alike in themselves and others.

The fourth class to which we refer

do indeed endeavour to keep their affections centred on celestial objects, and to them all else seems unimportant when contrasted with the exceeding blessedness of spiritual illumination. There is plenty of room in the world for all these honest workers, and it would be a useless, thankless, and invidious task to contrast one with the other except on lines of friendly and appreciative comparison.

It is, however, reasonable and just to urge that we are never well rounded or completely balanced in our development until we see the good in that perfect equilibrium of attainment which demonstrates the practical utility of all planes of consciousness and takes delight in every phase of useful and ennobling occupations.

We are, most of us, far too prone to attach inordinate importance to environments—which are not now ours and which we vainly imagine are far more conducive to general advancement than our own.

Very few people realise the scientific validity of the tenth Commandment, which is usually treated only as a far-fetched moral precept, whereas "Thou shalt not covet aught that is thy neighbour's" is one of those intensely wise directions for practical success in life which no aspirant for any sort of worthy exaltation can afford to overlook.

To concentrate one's entire energy on our own capabilities, and give no heed whatever to seemingly adverse surroundings, is indeed an intellectual counsel of perfection, but this will prove for most of us a road (as yet) hard to travel. The advantages to be secured by travelling steadily up that inclined plane are, however, so numerous and manifest, that the blessings to be won far out-weigh the difficulties to be encountered.

Nothing can possibly be gained, and practically everything is jeopardised, by contemplating obstacles and dwelling on limitations. In a very real sense discretion may be compatible with valour, as caution may often be necessary in the conduct of all affairs, but timidity and pessimism must invariably act as drawbacks.

No intelligent individual attempts to deny that there are hindrances along the way of attainment. But what of them? They have always been characterized by heroes as stepping stones to victories far grander than any which could have been won without them.

This is the only sane and helpful way to confront difficulties: to acknowledge their existence as barriers to be leaped over, not as cages in which we must be confined.

The true aid we receive from helpers wiser than ourselves we derive chiefly through association in spirit with those who have already triumphed in directions where we have not yet won our spurs. Our spiritual helpers are not such as coerce, but such as guide and teach us, even as expert swimmers may encourage the inexperienced to practice swimming under their tuition and in their company till these young pupils have learned to swim safely alone.

Much good of a lesser sort is often done by practitioners of psycho-therapy and magnetic healing who simply relieve distress and invigorate their

patients through their mental and magnetic operations, but the highest good is accomplished only when all this useful outward ministry is supplemented by teaching those who were once afflicted to live more wisely for the future and thus steer clear in time to come of those mistakes which led to suffering in the past.

Spiritual education is the greatest of all themes which can profitably claim our attention or engross our interest. There are no prospective limits to human progress, but step by step, here and hereafter, the ladder of attainment must be climbed with unremitting perseverance. "Enter courage hope and confidence all ye who enter through the initiatory gate" is a wise and stalwart motto, expressing sublime encouragement for all, the direct antithesis of Dante's terrific menace, "Abandon hope All ye who enter here," inscribed over the portals of the Inferno. In these contrasted sentences we find embodied the perpetual introductory gateway to diametrically opposite mental destinies.

Mrs. Vanderwilt's Gowns

CHAPTER ONE

WHAT will the New Age of Man have to say about poverty and the congestion of wealth in the hands of a few? There will be no destitution in the Good Time Coming, and there will be no surfeiting. All will have an abundance. None will go without. There will be no millionaires. There will be no paupers. And yet, all will not be equally endowed, either mentally, morally or physically. There will be no dead uniformity, but everyone will have a fair show, and abundant opportunity to exercise all their faculties unhampered. Do we all have that chance now? I think not, as these chapters may incidentally show. But my main purpose is to show that all men have social relationships, and that we are indissoluble moral parts of the Social Body.

A FEW days ago there died, in New York, a banker named John S. Kennedy. He bequeathed twenty-five million dollars to various educational and denominational institutions, after leaving his wife sixteen millions of dollars with which to keep the wolf of poverty from the door of her humble abode. Another John Kennedy—this time John T. Kennedy—died in Boston and left the "misses and childers" not as much as sixteen cents to face the world with.

And yet, our John was a sober, upright, hard working citizen. He probably worked as hard as the other John did, and did not drink nearly as much intoxicating liquor. There was a difference in the men. Our John did not have the money grabbing instinct, the low over-reaching cunning craft, or the hard, unflinching moral apathy. He probably exercised as much judgment and intelli-

gence as Banker John, for he was a moterman on a trolley car. And both men started equally poor.

Our John had a large family, and could save nothing. He managed to pay his dues in two lodges, one of which was a two thousand dollar insurance order, for two dollars per month dues. But this one had failed —years ago, when John had just turned fifty years of age, and the large premiums had deterred him from insuring in the other companies. Sickness. Doctor's bills. Constant household expenses.

We will return to the two Johns later.

Alice Pike is a dressmaker's assistant at $3.50 per week, 54 hours a week, full pay, according to market values. She must pay her board. She must buy some clothing. $3.50 per does not provide much luxuries. But she will get more pay bye and bye, as much as Mary Vance, who does the cutting and fitting.

Mrs. Vance gets $1.50 per day—during the busy season. At other times she gets nothing. But no way has been found to stop the rent, or the grocery bill. However, Mrs. Vance manages to eke along, and keep her one child in school, although sometimes in the past it has looked dubious. Mrs. Vance was left a widow, when Janey was a wee babe,—without the sixteen millions to fend off the cold and buy the daily buns.

This is one social grade,—not the lowest, nor by any means the highest. Alice Pike and Mary Vance have been sewing on some gowns for Mrs. Vanderwilt, 99 Commonwealth avenue. That is another social grade —up near the dizzy highest.

Mrs. Vanderwilt has a number of gowns. Some cost $500.00. She has so many gowns that she gets mixed when little Gartrude brings one from the dressmaker, and she calls her lady's maid to tell her which one it is and what occasion she is to wear it for. Mr. Vanderwilt buys his wife a seal coat for $850.00 to shield her from the bleak New England blasts.

This is all right, if nobody was robbed. I do not begrudge Mrs. Vanderwilt those gorgeous gowns, if she likes to make a strutting peacock of herself. I rather like it. It adds to the sport of life. But where does the money come from?

I see yon shivering, shawl clad woman purchasing a pound of sugar and a quart of oil. Not enough income from her industry to eke out a bare subsistence. I see that man tightning his overcoat over his chest on account of the thin underclothing. For Johnny needs shoes, and Mary another frock, and the doctor came twice last week to wifey.

These are not dissipated or shiftless people. They are not "drunks" or "prostitutes," but honest working people of the "unfortunate" sort. Why unfortunate? Has Mrs. Vanderwilt anything to do with it? Is she a part of the "square deal"?

Why must some shiver and pinch for the bare necessities? "Living" is dear. Who makes it dear? Has Mrs. Vanderwilt anything to do with the cause?

Perhaps not, and perhaps yes. But the poor are exploited at every turn by those who control the necessities

of life, food, transportation, money.

I do not know of one article which my grocer sells that some trust or combination has not got a grip on. I see everywhere the tentacles of the power of corporate, of collective, or of individual avarice. Everywhere we touch that underhanded, tricky, sly, system of exploiting the consumer. And then glad rags are bought with the plunder. And a show made at the opera. For Mrs. Vanderwilt had half a dozen elegant costumes created to dazzle polished social savages at as many nights at the new Boston Opera House. And that shivering shawl clad woman as part of the social compact. Where does she come in? What shall we do with her? Blast her with charity? What is the trouble? Mrs. Vanderwilt is not complaining.

Where does Mr. Vanderwilt come in? Who is he? O, he's a banker. What is a banker? I don't fully know. I would need to call upon the Boss of Hades in order to find out what some bankers and brokers keep busy at. I understand, however, they have some way of manipulating the change so you get half the pot and they get all. Loaded dice. Masked batteries.

I know two different persons who were poor boys, but unprincipled and crafty. They secured employment in brokers' offices. That was years ago. They rose. Piled trick on trick. Went into the banking business. Bossed things around lively. Ruined this opponent and built up this toady. Lost fortunes. Made fortunes. Sent others to prison. Barely escaped themselves.

Crazy finance? Yes, but the shawl clad woman pays for it, and so do you and I.

What will Mr. Vanderwilt do with his money when he dies? O, he will be "good." Not good enough to pay it back to those it was stolen from. O, no. He cannot do that. He cannot raise the dead, or mend broken hearts, or pay back money that he has squandered. He will disgorge some to charity. (A blighting, degrading charity.) If the Presbyterians get hold of him in time he will unload some on them.

What reeking blood money it will be. The shawl clad women and the gaunt eyed men. Pointing at that blood money. He will endow some colleges, so that the well-to-do can get a cheap education and learn how to properly fleece the poor.

Or he will give some money to convert the heathen. Poor exploited, perverted heathen, they have wickedness enough of their own without foisting our "civilization" upon them.

WE are all bound together. The unsanitary tenement and the spacious mansion are not so far apart but the corruption of the one will smirch the other. We *are* our brother's keeper. In justice first,—then in charity. If justice does not come first then is charity a hollow mockery. The rich are not all to blame, if the poor allow them to oppress without intelligent protest. Intelligent protest means finding out a better way and advocating it. This will be found to be as much a blessing to the rich as to the poor. Shall we discuss the ethical value of Mrs. Vanderwilt's gowns?

Literary Reviews

The Brother of the Third Degree is a story-book of 378 pages. The story is intensely interesting, as a story and plot, and besides deep philosophical and occult instruction is given in each page. I have not read such an interesting and important book for a long time, and I advise all our readers to read this great book.

Alphonso Colono, of Spanish desent, born in Paris and brought up in Mexico, relates a story of his father, mother, sister and himself, concerning their dealings with occultism, also bringing in other characters as he advances with the story.

He describes the Brotherhood to which his parents belonged previous to and after their marriage, but unknown to their children until after twenty years of married life, when, according to former vows, they willingly but sorrowfully part. Ferdinand Colono remains in Mexico with his son, while the mother and her daughter start by steamer for Paris.

Soon after their departure a violent storm arises and they are supposed to have been lost. A few years later, Alphonso, at the age of twenty-one, leaves for Paris, in order that he may gain admittance into the secret schools relating to the mysterious Brotherhood.

While attending the Grand Opera in Paris he discovers his long lost mother in the volunteer who fills the role of the Prima donna who had suddenly become indisposed. But he is not permitted to speak to her, for occult reasons.

Later on, while in the Brotherhood, he meets a young lady with whom he is much fascinated, and who, having the power of reading past lives, tells him she was his conjugal partners in former life times. His sister he also meets there.

The plot of the story is to show that occultism, the hidden forces round about us, are the ruling powers, and if we are good and pure we draw like forces to us, for our benefit, and according to the extent of our goodness and purity do these forces aid us.

Price $1.00, Purdy Publishing Co., 40 Randolph street, Chicago.

The Doors of Life, or Little Studies in the Art of Self-Healing, by Walter DeVoe, is issued by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, at one dollar net. Mr. DeVoe is one of the most popular New Thought writers in America today, and this book is without doubt his ripest and best work. There is a tonic in every page,—a few minutes reading in the book leaves one with a buoyant stock of optimism, and a firmer and more positive grip on health and life. One can read this book through or they can open it anywhere and find profit.

365 Days of Fasting Life is the name of a handsome pamphlet of 48

pages, written by Mr. Aumond C. David, 993 New Hampshire street, Los Angeles, Calif.

This book explains the system of fasts for health which the author has practiced and fully proved. Every paragraph shows original thinking, and the form of literary expression is not stultified, conventional, or insipid, but original and virile, showing clearly that the author has had the courage to think for himself and to practicalize his ideas without fear of friends. By the way, the fear of friends is often more terrible than the fear of ravenous beasts. Friends can tear and rend.

Mr. David will send you full particulars freely if you are interested in health.

Soul Culture, Scientific Prayer, Religion, Theology, by A. A. Lindsay, M.D., author of "The New Psychology, Mind the Builder," and "The Tyranny of Love," is issued by the Lindsay Publishing Co., Selling-Hirsh Building, Portland, Ore. Dr. Lindsay is a strong and lucid writer and lecturer on the New Psychology, and this last book is fruitful from cover to cover of health, of strength, and of soul poise. The price is 25¢ or 75¢

Society for Right Living, 1109 Maple Avenue, Evanston, Ills., is organized for the purpose of a sincere study of the fundamental principles of right living. Individuals, clubs, and societies are invited to become identified with this Society,and to aid in an intelligent and scientific study of the subject. I have read the literature sent out by this society and it makes me feel enthusiastic and sanguine. Can't tell why,—it's just ordinary paper and ordinary print. But it's worth a great deal, these days, to come across something that makes us feel hopeful. In fact I generally feel hopeful and bright, —it's my religion so to do,—but I sense a grand work for this society to do, and the enthusiastic part of it is that they are going to do it, and cut across lines, and give individuals who are now on different lines the opportunity to rearrange and renew themselves along new lines.

Purdy Publishing Co., 40 Randolph street, Chicago, Ills., of which Frances L. Dusenberry is the head, not only does a publishing business, but conducts meetings in a spacious hall at their headquarters. Dr. Julia Seton Sears has just finished an extended course of lectures at these headquarters, and many other well-known lecturers on New Thought, and the New Psychology, have lectured at the Sunday afternoon gatherings.

Dr. Beverly has established a healing headquarters at 3503aFranklin avenue, St. Louis, and will represent this magazine and the Aquarian Commonwealth in the Middle West.

Voice of the Magi, Waldron, Ark., comes to my table each month as a welcome visitor. Our brother is doing a good work in his way, and I approve it.

Aquarius, Niagara Falls, N.Y., is a nice little magazine, and I wish it success.

Editor's Talk

WITH this issue of our magazine I have printed and published it for two years,—two strenuous years, but nevertheless two years filled with the beauty and joy of life, in abundant measure.

For many years I have been revolving in my mind the features of a progressive magazine which should not have the shallowness of New Thought, the orthodoxy of Theosophy, or the foolish baby emptiness of pseudo "mysticism, occultism, esotericism." I wanted to avoid the laxity and flimsyness of Modern Spiritism, the hypocrisy of Popular Christianity, and the insanity of the freakish cults. I wanted to teach the love and nearness of God, the joy of his service, and the beauty and practicality of a loving inclusiveness which would give all a good show, neither say them nay.

Well, I have not maintained my ideal, but I have not relinquished it. I intend to try some more. That is, if I can get any readers.

At the earnest advice of Mr. Harry Gaze, who came with me to conduct the magazine, I changed the name and made the price a dollar a year. Perhaps I have done as well as could be expected,—considering everything. The income from the magazine has not been large, but I have cleared my expenses during the year (in connection with the job printing) and gained a small cash balance besides.

But I am not satisfied with the success of the magazine, or its present circulation, and I intend to begin, with the January number, a new departure, and try an experiment for one year.

I shall reduce the price to fifty cents per year and I may publish but ten months a year, not issuing July and August, and reduce the number of pages. Remember, this arrangement is only for one year.

I hope to add some popular features to the magazine, and stimulate the news stand trade. To this end I am going to add to my binding facilities, just as soon as the occasion demands. In fact I had almost purchased the machinery, a few days ago, out of my surplus earnings for the year, but hesitated until the occasion actually demanded it. With these improved facilities I believe I can get out a magazine for fifty cents a year, and not fill it full of bizarre advertising either. We will see. Later.

Remember, I do not send this magazine to you after the subscription expires,—on "speculation"—or pester you with requests to renew. That is reprehensible. I am going to "make or break" on this proposition. If I break you may write it in your hat that there was once a proud little printer on Madison street who would neither beg nor bunco.

But I have not failed. I am still "unlicked."

IT has been said that in heaven all things conserve a use, and that there man enjoys uses, and his thoughts and actions are a continual exercise of loving usefulness. Thus, no act is ever done there unless that act is done to result in some good to some other person. This seems true. Yes. Then what about the heaven of "sport" I described on pp. 768-9? Sport has a use. To balance. Men must make each other joyful. Even by the grotesque. Never by making pain to anyone. Such is not proper sport. Proper sport is where all are filled with joy and none are injured. That is the test to apply to all our actions. Is anyone injured by them? If so then the act is bad. Are all made joyful? Then the act is good. The gross human life is so interwoven with self, and the suffering which follows self, that we do not always realize that a proper use of *everything* is good.

Life is action. Action is a recurrent round of balances. Equilibriums. But not "dead-centers." Instead, a pendulum swung back and forth, up and down, round and about. The soul *does* reach a dead center. It *does* reach the neutral point. But it does not remain there. To remain on that dead-center is all the death there is in the universe, and that death is but momentary. Life is recurrent action from extreme to extreme. All things fit in because there is a vortex to draw them, and a mold made for them to flow into. Sobriety is all right. Of course. In saying a word for sport I did not mean to infer that there was not another side or opposite which is legitimate, and proper also.

I maintain, however, that *harmless sport* has a legitimate place in our life here below and also in heaven. Just think of a mirthless heaven! Where nobody ever laughs! Would that be heaven? I think not. And will heaven be so "correct" and "perfect" that there can never be anything grotesque there? Is not the grotesque necessary in order to bolster up its opposite? Could there be the correct and proper caper unless there was also the absurd and the ridiculous to make them possible? Comparison is life.

The trouble with us here is that much of our sport is malicious, and the rest is selfish aggrandisement. Most all of our human life is selfish and destructive of others, which destruction reacts upon us. Our perspective is thus blurred. We see things through the glass of hell. We have come to think that the solemn and the sedate is correct and like unto heaven. This is not true. When we look closely at the solemn and sedate in human life we see that much of it is mere shallowness and selfishness, — pretense, arrogance, hypocrisy. That is not heaven. **Heaven is selflessness and love of others.** This, I consider, is the basic definition of heaven. **Hell is selfishness and desire to detract from others.**

Take the same actions. Throw over them and through them the red light of hell. Then what do we see? We see that these actions produce pain. Then change the screen. Throw on a celestial pale blue light. What do we see? The same actions,

Exactly. But the result is totally different. The actions produce pleasure to all. No one is detracted from or injured in any way. An atmosphere.

TO show that we all differ, and that a few of our friends take a different view than others of our friends, I print the following, as

IN APPRECIATION

So you say with the psalmist of old, that *God laughs!* That is good, that someone understands the Book of Life and knows that the day is coming when the Lord shall laugh in derision at the wicked and the heathen. Read Ps. 2:4, Ps. 37:13, and Ps. 59:8 for proof of a God who will laugh, and then call it a joke!

Of course, those who read the bible with a doctrinal bias, never read of the God that will laugh; such an idea is far-fetched to them. But if the scriptures are read as literature, and the heart-story of man, the truth is easily perceived, and there is cause for laughter that fills the soul with joy.

If the young people in the public schools could have the opportunity of studying the bible as literature, they would soon have a comprehensive view of life on earth and be ready to investigate the grand truths which the New Age Magazine is an exponent. Long may you live.

ARIEL

I HAVE arrived to the conclusion that I am deficient in the emotion of reverence. Reverence is an emotion, and not an idea or a thought. It is a "feeling." It is in the will. It is synthetic and not analytic. It is to be classed with the sensation of beauty, and love, and all those functions of the soul which are separate from reason.

I am not sure that I am glad, or that I am sorry, for my deficiency,—providing of course that I am deficient, and I suspect that I am some, if not a great deal. Intellectually I can analyze the matter and see that reverence is a very good quality to have in one's mental itinerary. Very good. But I have not concluded that it is necessary or even desirable for all persons. If I had I would try at once and energize my will in that direction.

I judge that if God, or Jesus Christ, or any created or uncreated thing, should come before me and ask me to bow down in holy awe and reverence I would object, and instead would stand up, look at them in the face, and parley with them as man to man.

I don't know if this is right. You may decide. I was not justifying myself or proving that irreverence is right. I was laying bare to you my character. I am not sure it is a bad character. If it is I will try and mend it.

Man is a bundle of strange contradictions. He is unaccountable for his contradictions. Some may be more so than others. Maybe I am more so. For I attend a Catholic Church every Sunday morning, bow at the name of Jesus, bend before the Host, cross myself, and fall on my knees and humbly pray, from the bottom of my heart, that I may grow nearer to God and lead a righteous life. Perhaps I have something akin to reverence welling up within me while I am there, when I enter into the spirit of devotion and cherish the beautiful and sublime emotions that come to me from the ser-

vice. But this is not reverence, as the word is commonly used. Or at least it is not blind reverence which would cover the eyes and be abashed in the presence of the revered one. It is not a reverence which puts God on a pedestal far above man and worships him as some awful potentate. It is not a reverence which looks up to a stern, and angry, and fearful God. I consider God as a Friend and Companion and not as a Master. And God is full of fun and good humor. Of course he is serious and earnest. But he is too great, and too loving to allow a servile flattery or reverence. The idea, of a loving Father with infinite benediction, can yet contain the idea of the friendly love of a dear companion. There is no room for awe or abject reverence in the fatherhood idea of God. We should be children to this father, loving, obedient. But not a blind, abject obedience. Rather an obedience through a loving and conscious recognition of the rightfulness of service for its own sake, and not because we are commanded to do it.

God never commands. God instructs. Instruction never is in the nature of command. God is not a mighty general on the field of battle, or a sea captain. "Thou shalt not," is the finger point of the Law. Therefore, holding these views of God, I cannot become a member of the Catholic Church, or of any evangelical Church.

However, while there is no fear of God in my mental make-up, yet there is a fear of the consequences of breaking God's law. This may seem to be a metaphysical distinction without a difference, but I think not. I can conceive of God helping as a father and friend to overcome the very law which he made! The Better Part of us laying down conditions for the lower part, and then guiding and cheering the lower part in its struggle to become as one with that Better Part. By overcoming the law we nullify the law. But the law is not evil. It is good. God puts forth his law as a ladder, and not as a punishment. Then he comes and lovingly helps us to mount its rounds and climb toward him. Climb we must. Ourselves.

Many ask why God should make obstacles for man and then help man to surmount them. We may also ask why the school teacher gives the scholar a hard task in arithmetic, or grammer, or physics. For the same reason, to train the scholar in self discipline.

But the Teacher is our loving friend and companion, not a great, majestic, exalted potentate, to be abjectly adored, venerated, or revered. And yet, we have something of these emotions toward the loving and patient Teacher.

DO CATS HAVE SOULS, and do they live as cats after they die? As the self-same cat? Grandpa thinks they do. Our house-cat, Jack, came into the work-room a few days ago, opened his mouth wide, and raised as great a howl as he was worth. Then he went off and laid down. He was sick. Very sick. And he wanted us to know it. We nursed him for three days, but he gradually declined and died. Jack was a gentlemanly beast.

ONE of our intelligent critics, Mr. A. G. Hollister, of Mt. Lebanon, N.Y., writes me a long letter I would like to print if I had room. He calls my attention to a statement I made on p. 750 to the effect that abstinence of itself is futile. I see now that my statement was inaccurate, because I did not qualify and develop it properly. I think that probably more of my statements are extreme, for almost every statement we can make is but the tail-end of an endless sausage-machine of statements which not only box the compass, but encircle the universe. I try, however, to make my statements moderate, and at the same time lucid and virile.

All of Brother Hollister's letter is very good, and I will preserve it and may print parts of it. Another sharp correspondent, Mr. Simeon Carter, of Winchendon, Mass., writes very pertinently on the subject of marriage. In giving my experience I did not intend it should be considered as an inflexible rule. There is no inflexible rule. That is what I stand for. There may be some puny souls who need hard and fast rules of Church and State. I don't. I see, however, a great many of my neighbors who apparently do need these hard and fast laws. I refer more particularly to some of our foreign cousins, tens of thousands of whom have come to live with me in the South, West and North Ends.

SPEAKING of foreigners, I learn that in one school house in the West End, that of the Bowdoin, the scholars represent twenty-four nationalities! In returning home from late Mass ("lazy-man's Mass") of a Sunday morning, I generally run into a big bunch of Jewish children who board the car at the Temple Ohabel Sholom, 11 Union Park St. This Temple has interest to liberal thinkers, because it was once the South Congregational Church, of which Rev. Edward E. Hale was the pastor until his death. About a quarter of a century ago the Society removed from the South End, about a mile across lots, to the new land made in the Back Bay by filling the water full of tomato cans, ashes, and rubbish, with sand evenly spread on top. Then the Jews took the old church. And bright and sweet are those well-dressed and well-behaved Jewish children, going home with their books under their arms, and filling the car full of sunshine and merry sport. What would our Puritan ancestors say at this merry fun? They would say it was all right, and join in, for those Puritans have kept on growing. In a large sense we, their children, are them, and they are us, and we gladly welcome and fraternize with these, our kindred. And these Jews are more Americans than they are Jews. Yes, I think so.

SOME years ago I was returning from New York on the horrible Joy line, partly for economy, and partly as a delightful study of my Hebrew kith and kin from the East Side of New York. In leaving the boat at Providence I noted an old man vainly trying to elicit information from a sleepy Irish hackman. I took the old man in tow. We travelled together on the trolley cars to North Attleboro. He was a Russian

Jew. No, that is wrong. He was born a Russian Jew, but now was an American,—had been for over forty years. I am inclined to think he was a better American than I, and I was born in New England of old Puritan stock. For this man had gladly served throughout the Civil War in a Massachusetts regiment, glad to fight for his adopted country and willing to give his life for it. And the old man knew more about, and was more identified with, American institutions and ideals than I. I felt rather abashed and discredited.

ANOTHER Unitarian Church in the South End,—the New South—was sold to the colored people and is now St. Paul's Baptist. I attended the old church for a while, and taught in the Sunday School, but finally lost interest because the sermons were insipid, pedantic, an ungenuine. Mere empty platitudes and time-serving, in order to draw a good salary. Ugh! The taste is bitter yet, after over sixteen years browsing in other fields. Tried another minister at that church and he was even worse. Would tell us how much better he could make at Insurance. He played out—church closed—then sold to the negroes.

I GOT a little mental tonic last Friday night, and I have been feeling good on account of it ever since. It happened at a travel talk given to parishioners and members of the congregation. I'm a "member of the congregation," and a "student," so I went also. The priest had been telling us about the gaunt hollow-eyed unemployed of London, who vainly sought for work to provide sustenance for wives and babes, but could not earn even a shilling or two,—"**No Help Wanted.**"

A brother priest, whose work is in the poor part of London, took part in their parade, and was glad, so our priest said, to march behind the banner, "**To HELL with Charity.**"

The priest brought out this expression with emphasis, showing us that he earnestly endorses the sentiment. So do I. Earnestly. A chilly silence fell over the people for a moment. They were a little disconcerted, not to say shocked at what appeared to be profanity coming out of the mouth of our beloved priest. But he explained that this was not profanity, but a literal statement, and that the Government owes every man the opportunity to work and earn a livelihood. We all felt better after that, but I was filled with joy to learn that the broad doctrines of the rights of man were entering the narrow fold of the too complacent Church.

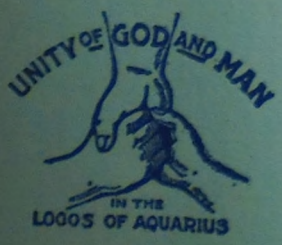
DR. BEVERLY has sent me an article on **The Air Age** which will appear in the January issue, also a long article of mine on **Socialism pro and con.** Also a good article by Levi, not yet chosen.

FROM Cavendish, Vermont, I have received a unique monthly named **B. P. & S.** This stands for business, politics and salvation, and I assure you they make a great mixture, stronger than "rum, romanism and ruin." None free, but 25¢ will by the dope for a year.

THE Kankakee Tele-psychist, H.S. LeValley, Kankakee, Ills., has won the prize bun for breezy brains.

JANUARY 1910

THE NEW AGE MAGAZINE



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